

A young rose in the summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And there are many stars
That glimmer o'er the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flower,
Or stars that ever shone.

The stars may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright that watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smile that are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much this world can give,
With all its subtlest art,
And all its golden wealth, not the things
That satisfy the heart;
But, oh, if those who cluster round
The star and the heart,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.

HOMELY ALICE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

[CONCLUDED.]

August and September came and went, October drew near with her gorgeous forest draperies, and her blue, transparent skies, and by the middle of the month Leslie and Alice were to be married. The latter moved about with a soft light in her eyes and a bright smile upon her lip, that lent to her pale features a radiance dearer than beauty. The bridal dress, simple yet rich, both in material and fashion, was already prepared, and Mrs. Morrison's head and hands were busily engaged in arrangements for the wedding. Few guests were to be invited—only Mrs. Guernsey, Mr. Merridith and three or four friends from the village; but, as our lady readers are well aware, a wedding is a wedding, whether the guests are few or many. Leslie had not yet returned, but he was daily expected, and in his last letter had named the day for their bridal, with due deference, of course, to Alice's wishes in the matter. 'If you don't have a letter tonight, Alice, Sherman will surely be here to-morrow,' said Mrs. Morrison. 'There comes John from the post office, now; I'll see what he has got.'

She came back with her hands full of letters and papers.

'Here's one for you, Alice, and from Sherman. But it is mailed at St. Louis, I suppose, and three or four friends from the village,' said Mrs. Morrison. 'There comes John from the post office, now; I'll see what he has got.'

She came back with her hands full of letters and papers.

'What is it, Alice, my dear child? Is Sherman ill?'

'Read the letter,' was the inarticulate response.

It was the old story—one that has been told ever since the world was made, and one that will be repeated as long as loving hearts and false ones move in the same dim sphere. Frequently worded and daintily written was that epistle, and it had undoubtedly occasioned its author a world of thought and pains. There were, to begin with, earnest protestations of regard, and bitter lamentations over the stern necessity he was under, of writing what would, he feared, occasion at least temporary sorrow to one whom he esteemed as highly as he did the friend he was addressing. But the truth must be told. He could not approach the altar with a lie upon his lips, and he was now confident that he had been mistaken in his feeling toward her. He had thought he loved, when in fact he only regarded her as a dear friend, a sister. There were hints of a newer and stronger passion, against which he had struggled with all the strength of his nature. And yet, he said, he did not ask to be released from his engagements with Alice. He wrote thus merely because he felt that she deserved to be treated with perfect frankness; and that he should have done so before, had he not hoped and prayed that he might yet teach his heart to love her as he ought.

This was the substance of the letter. Mrs. Morrison read it at least three times, before she could convince herself that she was not dreaming. She was still poring over it with a bewildered air, when Alice spoke.

'Give me the letter, please, mother.'

'My poor Alice!'

Mrs. Morrison could say no more; but a hearty burst of tears—albeit anger and wounded pride helped to swell the flood—evinced her sympathy far more plainly than words; and she folded Alice to her heart, as if to shield her there from all that could distress or grieve her.

'Don't mind it, Alice, my darling! If he can treat you in this way he is not worth caring for.'

Alice did not reply, but, taking the letter from her mother's hand, she glided up stairs to her own room.

I regret exceedingly that our Alice is not better fitted to adorn the pages of a romance—that there is not a little more of the melodrama about her. She ought, unquestionably, to have gone from one fainting-fit to another, until the morning dawned, and then had a brain fever; or else, with 'flashing eye,' and 'queenly brow,' and 'haughty tread,' she should have paced the floor for hours, refusing admittance to her dearest friend—written a few terribly strong, imperious words to Leslie, and—taken laudanum. But, as she was not a heroine, poor child! she did neither.

She was not a heroine; she was only a true and loving woman, whose strength lay far more in her heart than in her head, but whose affections and passions were yet under the control of reason.

She went up stairs to her room, as I said, and read the letter over again, carefully, from beginning to end. Perhaps there was still a faint hope lurking in some far corner of her heart, a hope that she had misconceived the tenor of Leslie's words; if so it was a vain one, and suffering the paper to fall in her lap, she sat with her hands clasped over her eyes for many minutes; then drawing her portfolio to her side, she wrote to that false friend of hers, calmly, and it may be, coldly, but with no unnatural attempt at stoicism, releasing him from his engagement, and sundering forever the ties that had bound them.

The letter was sealed and dispatched—and the dream was over. Was it any marvel that her tears rained through her clasped fingers, as she recalled the past? She reproached herself with her blindness, and wondered that she had not read her lover's heart better. Yet she could not do so, with any show of reason, for his letters had been frequent and affectionate, and he had given such plausible excuses for his delay in returning home as would have deceived one far less generous and confiding.

'I want to go to the South as a teacher,' mother,' said Alice, one dark day in November. 'Have I your permission, if I can find a situation that pleases me?'

'Go South, as a teacher! Why, Alice, what made you think of such a thing? You know well enough that there is no need of it; let those teach who are obliged to.'

Waterville Mail.

'I don't suppose there is any need of it, mother; that is, any need of my teaching as a means of support. But I must do something; I cannot stay here, with nothing but the little round of domestic duties to engage my thoughts. Do not attempt to dissuade me, dear mother; I must go!'

'I think I understand you, Alice. But if you are unhappy here, my dear child, will you not be far more so elsewhere? I doubt the wisdom of such a move, my love, and, as for the lack of employment, we can find business enough for you here.'

Alice shook her head and smiled sadly.

'I need to go through a hardening process, mother, and for that reason I wish to go forth and battle with the world. Here, where your sheltering love interposes as a shield between your child and all little cares and trials, she has too much time to brood over her one great sorrow.'

'You must not, Alice, you must not regard it as a sorrow,' said Mrs. Morrison, wiping her eyes. 'You should look upon it as a mercy, as a positive blessing, that Sherman Leslie's real character was revealed to you before you became his wife. He was not worthy of you, darling.'

'Do not misunderstand me,' was the earnest reply. 'I bless God that this revelation was made before it was too late, and if I could recall him by the mere uplifting of my finger, I would not raise it. I mourn, mother, not for the lost lover, but for the unworthy love—not for the blighted hopes, but because those hopes rested upon so frail a foundation. It is terrible to think that I have been thus deceived in one whom I trusted so entirely! I thought my idol was of purest gold, and lo! it is caught but clay.'

Mrs. Morrison drew nearer to her daughter, and softly smoothed back the hair that had fallen over her forehead; but she did not speak, and Alice went on.

'I do not want to go to a convent now, mother,' and a faint smile played round her mouth while she spoke, 'as I did years ago, when I thought I was in deep affliction. I do not wish to fly from sorrow, but to meet and conquer it; and in order to do that, I must act. With such a temperament as mine, action is the best recipe for the cure of grief.'

'I do not doubt it, my child. You are the best judge of your own strength or weakness, and I will not try to influence your judgment. But what are your plans?'

With these, however, we have nothing to do. Suffice it to say, that in six weeks from that time Alice was in Virginia, acting as assistant teacher in one of the first seminaries in the state.

Two days before she left home, she chanced to take up a newspaper that had found its way into the house with some packages sent her from a distance. A familiar name caught her eye as she turned it over. Leslie was married to a sister of his friend Norris; and, according to the date, the ceremony must have taken place before Alice's last letter could possibly have reached him.

More than one year, or even two, rolled away before Alice could re-read this chapter of her life without deep and poignant sorrow. But she was gradually 'struggling into the light.'

Slowly but surely the deep wound was healing, and as it closed it left no hateful scar behind.

'You will not go back again, Alice?' said Mrs. Morrison. 'You will not leave me again?'

This question was asked at the commencement of one of the long summer vacations, which Alice invariably spent with her mother.

'Not unless you grow tired of my company,' after having the house to yourself for so long a time,' was the cheerful answer. 'I've had enough of teaching for the present, and shall stay with my dear mother until she sends me off again.'

'Or until some one carries you off, Alice? Was that what you meant to have said?'

'By no means. I made no conquests at the South—none that ever came to my knowledge, at least. If I did, my victims wore the yoke silently. I am a predestined old maid, mother, and shall live here to take care of you, and crimp your cap borders for you when you are old—provided you will trust me with such delicate articles.'

'When I am old! Oh, but you wrote me that you had seen Sherman Leslie. How was it?'

'Yes; I met him at a party, one evening last winter, very unexpectedly to me, and to him also, if I may judge from his appearance. And, mother, you don't know how glad I am that I have seen him again.'

'Why?' asked Mrs. Morrison.

'Because I had previously had a sort of undefined fear that if I were to meet him I should find myself less strong than I supposed—a fear that it would revive olden recollections, and make me unhappy again.'

'Prettier than she seems to strangers, perhaps, but no fairer than she appears to me. I see her soul in her face, Jane. It is lighted from within—illuminated by her heart and her intellect; and I care for no other beauty. But I did not mean to tell you this, sister mine; it is such folly, and I had kept my secret so long and so well. I betrayed myself unawares, and then thought I might as well tell you the whole story. But it must go no farther.'

'Prettier than she is not from me, dear Ralph. Yet—'

'Yet what?'

'You should tell Alice this tale. She will not give her love unsought, and I am sure she does not dream of this. Yet I think she may be won, and the prize is surely worth the effort.'

'But my gray hairs, Jane!'

'A fig for your gray hairs! Buy a wig, if you prefer it.'

Her brother smiled as he turned away, and replaced both miniatures in the ebony box.

Six months from that time Alice Morrison became the loved and honored wife of Ralph Merridith.

'Do you remember a conversation we had last winter, very unexpectedly to me, and to him also, if I may judge from his appearance. And, mother, you don't know how glad I am that I have seen him again.'

'Why?' asked Mrs. Morrison.

'Because I had previously had a sort of undefined fear that if I were to meet him I should find myself less strong than I supposed—a fear that it would revive olden recollections, and make me unhappy again.'

'But it did not.'

'No, mother. On the contrary, it proved to me that I was entirely heart-whole. There was not a tone of his voice that could quicken its throbings.'

'Was his wife with him?'

'Yes. She must have been very beautiful once; but she is far from being that now. I do not think they are happy together, mother. Her face wears a look of querulous discontent, and his—oh, he looks fifteen years older than when I last saw him.'

'What kind of a person did you take her to be?'

'I thought—but you will consider me a harsh judge, mother.'

'I shall do no such thing, my dear child. Go on.'

'I thought she had neither mind nor character. She talked incessantly, but it all amounted to nothing; and I could see very plainly that some of her remarks were exceedingly mortifying to Leslie. She was very much over-dressed, too, and you know he used to be so fastidious in that respect.'

'I wonder if she knew anything of your past relations to her husband?'

'I conclude so, for I heard her tell him that his old flame was a perfect fright,' said Alice, laughing merrily.

'Polite, at all events. Did you hear his reply?'

'No, mother; but, whatever it was, she coaxed to the roots of her hair, and turned her back to him, shrugging her shoulders like a spoiled child. I did not mean to be censorious; she added, placing her hand upon that of her mother as she spoke; 'I could not help noticing these things.'

'I want to go to the South as a teacher,' mother,' said Alice, one dark day in November. 'Have I your permission, if I can find a situation that pleases me?'

'Go South, as a teacher! Why, Alice, what made you think of such a thing? You know well enough that there is no need of it; let those teach who are obliged to.'

Alice's judgment was perfectly correct. Les-

lie had first met his wife at a time when his pride was wounded, his vanity galled, and his temper irritated—when he was beginning to regard Alice's want of beauty as a most serious thing—when overlooking or undervaluing the spiritual loveliness of her life and character, and forgetting that it was by the beauty of her heart and mind that she first won his affections, he was growing dissatisfied with and almost ashamed of his choice. He was extremely sensitive with regard to the opinion of the world—its praise was what he most coveted; it ensured what he most dreaded; and in many respects he regarded Norris as the representative of that world upon whose fate so much was depending. Norris evidently wondered at and derided his choice—evidently regarded him with pitying eye, as one who had thrown himself away. What then would others say? Gradually his affection for Alice waned away; he began to think himself the injured party, and to whisper to himself that he had been over-hasty—rash—swayed by the impulses of the moment.

It was just then that he was thrown daily and hourly into the presence of Clara Norris. She was surpassingly beautiful; was always surrounded by a throng of admirers; and turned from them all to court the attentions of the only one who held himself aloof—Sherman Leslie. A hasty wooing and a hurried bridal was the result; and he awoke from his bewilderment dream to find his companionless—his wife was beneath him in intellect, and incapable of sympathizing with his humble aspirations; unloved, for her affections (if she had any to begin with) had been frittered away by the flirtations of her girlhood, and she had none to bestow upon her husband; homeless—for it is a sacrifice to apply the sacred name of home to any dwelling beside whose hearthstone the angels of Love and Faith do not fold their white wings, and abide continually.

And you have loved her so long, Ralph? I didn't even dream of her,' said Mrs. Guernsey, as she leaned her head against her brother's shoulder. 'I thought—' and her eye turned toward the ebony box that still maintained its old position upon the table.

'You thought my heart was buried in the grave of this dear one,' replied Mr. Merridith, lifting the cover and taking from it the precious miniature of which we have before spoken, and that it could have no second love. I thought so, too, Jane, and I cannot tell you, even now, how it was brought about. Alice stole into my heart ere I was aware of it, and I never thought of loving her until the news of her engagement with Leslie startled me into a knowledge of the fact. Started me, I say, for the thought was at first terrible. My conscience charged me with unfaithfulness, and these mournful eyes haunted me continually. I have been untrue to my first love—a love that I had so often vowed should be my last. I was glad that this second was a hopeless love, that Alice was soon to be the wife of another; for then I thought the barrier of duty would be raised between us, and my heart would return to its allegiance here. But it was not so to be; and during these years, while I have cherished Mary's memory as sacredly as ever, Alice has been growing dearer and dearer. I have ceased to regard its indulgence as wrong, or as unfaithfulness to her who has for so many years lain in her early grave, for I know that she is not forgotten. Yet I dare not think that Alice returns my affection. I am so much older than herself that it seems impossible, and like the merest folly for me to indulge the thought for a moment. See here!'

He touched a spring and a secret drawer flew out. 'Do you know this?' he asked, opening a small enameled case of exquisite workmanship.

'It is Alice!' exclaimed Mrs. Guernsey. 'Why, Ralph, how came you in possession of this?'

I painted it from memory, two years since. What do you think of the likeness?'

'It is excellent,' said his sister, examining it carefully. 'But, after all, Ralph, you must admit that it is far prettier than Alice.'

This question was asked at the commencement of one of the long summer vacations, which Alice invariably spent with her mother.

'Not unless you grow tired of my company,' after having the house to yourself for so long a time,' was the cheerful answer. 'I've had enough of teaching for the present, and shall stay with my dear mother until she sends me off again.'

'But it did not.'

'No, mother. On the contrary, it proved to me that I was entirely heart-whole. There was not a tone of his voice that could quicken its throbings.'

Six months from that time Alice Morrison became the loved and honored wife of Ralph Merridith.

'Do you remember a conversation we had last winter, very unexpectedly to me, and to him also, if I may judge from his appearance. And, mother, you don't know how glad I am that I have seen him again.'

'Why?' asked Mrs. Morrison.

'Because I had previously had a sort of undefined fear that if I were to meet him I should find myself less strong than I supposed—a fear that it would revive olden recollections, and make me unhappy again.'

'But it did not.'

'No, mother. On the contrary, it proved to me that I was entirely heart-whole. There was not a tone of his voice that could quicken its throbings.'

sion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses or a splendid bonnet. Nor can I imagine a 'nice girl' with curls—but this may be a prejudice.

I am quite sure, however, that 'coaxers, or 'c-e-c's,' those funny little curls which it has been the fashion to gum upon the cheek with bandoline, are totally inconsistent with the character of the 'nice girl.' And if any one whom I have been disposed to regard as a 'nice girl' were to appear with her bonnet stuck on the back of her head, I should cease to believe in her from that moment. The only degree of latitude which I feel at all disposed to allow to my *beau idéal*—or should it be in this case, *belle idéal*?—is that it has boots with brass holes. There is a nameless charm about tidy feet, which I believe the whole world recognizes. I maintain that a neatly booted foot and a well shaped ankle, in conjunction with a clean white petticoat and tight stocking, will make amends for a squat. Young men, is it not so? Yes, you confess it.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good as a 'nice girl.' She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous—but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest.'

Farmer Garrulous Talks

ABOUT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS, PREMIUMS, &c.

Did you say that Peter Pinchpenny is going to the Fair, John? He is, eh? Well I'm glad of it; and yet I must say there are too many of that class of people who do go to Fairs. Why did you ask? I'll tell you! They don't go to give; they go to receive. They are not willing to tell how they grow a big, crisp, juicy, sweet turnip, but simply to show that they do it and take the prize. If they do get any ideas that might benefit anybody else without in the least affecting their own interests, they are too supremely selfish to make them current.

Now there's Pinchpenny. What do you suppose he is going to the Fair for? To take the premium on that sow and pigs, is he? Well, they are worthy a premium, but they are not the result of his skill in breeding. And he don't go to show them, because he has any pride in the matter; but because he is morally certain that he can win the twenty-five dollars. Now there is justice for you! Here is my neighbor Strangle-hard, a hard-working, thinking, reading chap, who has skillfully bred his stock until they are nearly perfect. And his theories of breeding have been repeated again and again to his neighbors, and the stock of the whole neighborhood is better because of his study, practice, and teachings. But here is Pinchpenny who never bred a good hog in his life, but finding he could buy, at an administrator's sale, a sow with pig at half her value, he purchased, and now he proposes to take the purchase money out of the Agricultural Society by exhibiting her.

John, I think there ought to be some distinction made in such cases. Why should I be allowed to go into another State and purchase an animal to compete with one that is the result of skillful breeding at home. It seems to me that there ought to be distinctions made, and premiums given to animals bred by the person exhibiting the same; and then, if you choose, a sweepstakes for the best animal, no matter where bred. I believe in crowding out these perambulating prize animals that take advantage of some little pretentious County Agricultural Society, that throws its premium list 'open to the world,' thinking thereby to impress the world with its greatness, its magnitude. I am half inclined to think that such a society distrusts its ability to make any show at all from its own county. At any rate it is the right way to prevent there being a fair representation of its industrial resources. There should be a little effort made to foster county pride and encourage home productions.

But most of all, John, we want to go to these Fairs with the right spirit—willing to learn what others know, and impart what our experience has taught us. We should not go and commence laying pipe to secure the premium. What is a premium worth to an honest, conscientious man, when he knows it was unworthily bestowed? Of what use is it? A real friend of progress would rather see the premium go to his rival, if he merits it, ten thousand times, than take it himself. And then he would like to know why it was so given. And the Committee ought to let him and all his competitors know. An award is good for nothing, it seems to me, unless some reason is given for the disposition of it other than that it is given to the best animal. A comparison should be made on paper. How is the animal best? What are the points of superior merit? How were they obtained? If my animal is inferior, I want to be told in what respect; for my partiality may prevent my seeing it.

In short, John, this Fair business needs elaborate study. We go to the Fair and rush around, and gaze at the mass of objects with mouth open, when we ought to study thoroughly the features that most affect our interest. We go away bewitched by the thousand objects that have passed before our vision, when we should have certain well developed ideas and aims clearly diffused in our minds, ready to be incorporated in practice the moment we get home. I remember I asked Sarah Jane, the first time she attended a Fair, what she saw there? She replied, 'I can't tell, I saw so many things; I really don't know what I did see!' And the thoughtless Miss told the truth. And many older people might have said the same thing with equal truth after attending a Fair. Now it is better for child and adult to see only one thing, and get one new and practical idea, and enjoy the pleasure of its acquisition, than to see a thousand things and know nothing about any of them when one gets home.

[Rural New Yorker.]

MAINE SOLDIERS. Mr. Weston, Superintendent of Common Schools, in the last number of the *Maine Teacher*, giving an account of a visit to Minnesota speaks of Maine soldiers as follows: 'I saw at Fort Snelling and elsewhere, officers and soldiers of Minnesota and Iowa regiments, formerly from Maine. One officer said that half of his company and nearly as many of other companies in the same regiment—8th Minnesota—were from Maine. He added 'The Maine boys never falter in battle.' It is only when the bravery of these north western troops is quoted, that we should remember that the East, and Maine more than any other New England State, has furnished to these new States the muscle and brain which are conquering on so many battle-fields of the South.'

Gen. Gilmore has addressed a letter to Gov. Coburn, dated Aug. 25th informing him that he had forwarded by Adams' Express, two rebel flags captured in the action of the 10th of July, on Morris Island, S. C., by Moses Goodwin and David C. Hoyt, privates in Co. C, 9th Maine Regiment Volunteers. The former has since died of wounds received in the discharge of his duty in the trenches on Morris Island. Gen. Gilmore says: 'It will be, I am sure, a source of gratification and pride to

yourself and the citizens of your State, to receive these trophies of the gallantry of her sons who are struggling in this distant field for the vindication of our cause.' The trophies, when received, will be placed in the rotunda of the State House.

THE INDIAN COUNTRY RETURNING TO ITS ALLEGIANCE. A letter from Leavenworth to the Cincinnati Enquirer, states that the latest intelligence from the Indian country gives additional significance to the victories of Blunt at Perryville and Fort Smith. 'Chille' McIntosh and Uri McIntosh have come to our side, bringing with them the entire Creek nation, of which they were the leaders and chiefs. Contrabands from the Red river report that the Chickasaw Indians have also declared their allegiance to the National Government. Briefly, the entire Indian territory is now under control, and will remain so, unless Schofield again orders Blunt to retreat.

Waterville Mail.

—
EPH. MAXHAM, I DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . SEPT. 18, 1863.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the *Waterville Mail*, and are authorized to receive all advertisements and subscriptions, &c., as agents for this office.

S. F. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

Vote of Waterville.

The following is the result of the balloting in this town, on Monday last.

For Governor—Samuel Cony 568; Bion Bradbury 192; John Ward 1; Ether Shepley 1;

For Senators—Dennis L. Milliken 563; Joseph A. Sanborn 562; Josiah Tracy 563; Andrew Masters 190; Phillip C. Bradford 191; E. L. Getchell 190; John Lang 1; Joseph Percival 1.

For County Commissioner—Nath'l Chase 565; Daniel H. Bowman 190.

For Coun'y Treasurer—Daniel Pike 566; Stephen Young 190.

For Rep. to Legislature—W. A. P. Dillingham 550; George E. Shores 190; Solyman Heath 1.

A DOUBLE POINTED ANECDOTE.—Some of the listeners to Mr. Moor's caucus speech thought he 'cut his fingers' with the anecdote he told of Mr. Hamlin,—namely, that at a time of special excitement in Congress upon the subject of slavery, Mr. Moor went to Mr. Hamlin with an expression of well feigned apprehension that the agitation was going to split the Union; when that gentleman very coolly comforted him with the assurance that if it did 'split' it would not hurt him provided he kept his fingers out! Mr. Moor thought this anecdote very deeply impeached the integrity of the vice-president; but some of those who heard it smiled when they saw how sharply Mr. Hamlin had pointed at and rebuked the frailest spot in the frail political character of his friend. They saw what the speaker failed to see—that Mr. Hamlin knew that in any danger that might occur to the country, he was more likely to risk his neck against her than his fingers for her. They remembered how carefully, when the Union finally did split, he managed to keep his fingers where they could make the most out of the calamity without sharing in the danger. They looked back to a period before the rebellion, and saw him snugly stowed away in Canada, where any disclosure of the brewing treason could not harm him; fleeing the public by exorbitant duties with one hand, while the other was busily packing away tobacco for speculation when the treason he was helping to hatch should burst forth. They heard him saying to friends who begged him, on the fall of Sumpter, to meet them in counsel for the safety of the nation, that 'the country was in a transition state, and he didn't wish to take any part in the meeting.' He would not risk his fingers in the split, while there was a possibility they might get pinched. Then, when the young men of our State rushed forward to see who should first fill the volunteer regiments, he was found intriguing for the colony of the patriotic Maine 3d, against the noble Howard, as the handiest place from which to deal his secret blows at the heart of his country—a scheme no doubt extensively incorporated into the rebellion, but mainly defeated by the singular vigilance of the government. They saw him, after the war had made some progress, carefully seeking for government contracts; by which, in little more than a year, he so far left his fingers to the dishonesty which he says rules in that department, that he retired to the luxury of a fortune clutched by one hand at the throat and the other in the pocket of his country. From this unbalanced retirement he now creeps forth, in the bitterness of his own political ruin, to smear his filthy fingers in the blood of his country.

Truly, Hannibal Hamlin knew Wyman B. S. Moor with most pointed accuracy, and rebuked him with most cutting pungency, when he thus hinted that he was not likely to endanger his fingers for the rescue of his country, in

any emergency that could threaten her. Let Mr. Moor look at the anecdote in the light of this brief commentary, and if he ever relates it again it will not be to an audience who know better than he does, how to understand it.

Letter from the Army.

SELBYTON, Sept. 8, 1863.

Dear Mail:—Yon of the cool, and perchance, by this time frosty-eved North, are doubtless, like summer birds, flocking home from pleasant jaunts to summer haunts—gathering again round pleasant home firesides from rambles among the White Mountains; from trips to Kineo and Katahdin; from tramps about the Moosehead, and fishing excursions along its tributaries; from pleasure voyages among the charming island-dotted bays of that wild and wonderful sea-coast, whose variety and beauty are nowhere excelled, and rarely equalled. Your summer linens are giving place to autumnal woolens and the coming of fires and overcoats is suggestively heralded by chilly nights and frosty mornings.

We of the 'sunny South' still linger lazily loitering through the hot mid-days in the shady groves, artificial and natural, which surround this once most *recherché* of Southern watering places. It is not what it was. The iron hand of war has touched it and left its beautiful palace in ruins. Tottering walls, ragged and fire-stained towering columns, half-undermined and threatening the passer, show where three years ago stood one of the most expensive and luxurious of Southern summer resorts,—the haunt of beauty and chivalry of the chivalrous southland. 'Ichabod' is written, in characters appallingly legible, here, as elsewhere, in this doomed State. The 'glory is departed' from the 'Old Dominion,' the 'Mother of Presidents'; her pleasant homes are deserted, and the owl and the bat are in her pleasant places; her fields, steeped in the blood of her sons, are barren and desolate; her hillsides are dotted with graves; her groves are cut down; and a horror of desolation and death broods over the once fair and pleasant land. And we, who linger here amid the groves where the gay and brilliant throng of pleasure seekers revelled three short years ago, come not like them, seeking health from the waters, or pleasure from the gayeties of society. We have music, but its calls are answered by the heavy tramp of armed men, and not by the airy tread of light-footed and light-hearted dancers; cantering cavalcades, but as they pass you hear the clank of sabres instead of the rustle of silks—you see waving pennons instead of dancing plumes—trains of carriages, but they are provision trains or artillery,—promoters of life or death,—and not glittering coaches with living freights of 'beauty and chivalry.'

Virginia,—though in the boasted 'sunny South' and possessing a soil above the average for fertility, and a climate equally removed from the extreme cold of the North and the burning heat of the more southern States,—has never yet enjoyed, and will not, cannot, for years to come, enjoy the substantial material prosperity which has for years past blessed even cold, rocky, iron-bound Maine. Her rich men may have been richer and more aristocratic than their northern brethren—their mansions more stately, their servants more numerous and more obsequious; but to balance the account, her poor men have been poorer—their dwellings less neat and less comfortable, their share of the comforts and common luxuries of life much smaller—than the corresponding class in Maine. Her scholars may have been as erudite, her philosophers and statesmen as able as those of any State; but she has been far outstripped in the education of the masses, in the intelligence of the large class constituting the very framework of society, by any and all of the New England States. And slavery and the spirit of aristocracy fostered and kept alive by it, have been the drawbacks to her prosperity which have kept her behind her sister States.

Virginia, ruined and desolated as she has been by this war, will find in this war the greatest blessing of centuries, if it shall result in removing these evils, and in infusing into the effete and luxury-corrupted blood of the F.F.V.'s, a spic of Yankee energy and vigor and enterprise and ingenuity. Under the old regime of slavery and aristocracy, she could not recover in a hundred years from the damage of the war. Under the hoped-for new regime of enterprise, thrift, and free industry, she will, in a quarter of that time, outstrip her former progress and obtain a position of solid influence and material prosperity far in advance of that which she occupied at the commencement of the war. But will the 'new regime' follow the war? Most assuredly, unless Virginia shall be left to become a howling wilderness; for the old is extinct. Slavery is extinct here; for the freedmen of two years, especially those who have worn the uniform of 'defenders of the flag,' cannot be again reduced to the abject condition of servitude; and the aristocracy, from their sympathy with ne'er-do-wells and traitors, are exiles from their homes. Their mansions are in ruins; their plantations barren, or overrun with weeds; the landmarks destroyed; their human riches, though without 'wings,' have made such use of the means of locomotion in their possession that they are 'non est inventus'; their money, has been swallowed by the insatiable dragon of secession; they will be hardly better than paupers, with little power for good or evil. Indeed, the question, so often mooted, 'What shall be done with the slaves?' is equalled in importance by this—'What shall be done with the masters?' The slaves have the advantage in position, as they can, and will work for pay—which the masters neither can nor will. But after all, the main question for us to settle is "the war," leaving peace, when it comes, to dispose of our own difficulties.

And "the war" is of course, here, as at home, the great subject of thought and conversation, as it is the entire business of all. When

will it end? The question is anxiously asked again and again, not only in northern homes made lonely by the absence of soldier husbands and fathers, sons and brothers, but in many and many a white-roofed shelter in this fatal Virginia. How gladly would the return of peace be hailed by all, be that peace honorable, —the result of the complete restoration of the authority of the Government. The soldier will hear with patience of no other. He hates the rebel in front, but adds to this feeling the deepest detestation and contempt for the rebel in the rear—the "copperhead!" Let the sneaking traitors of the North hope for no sympathy from the soldier in the field, for they will receive none! And we are hoping for the speedy termination of the war through the suppression of the rebellion—hoping that another spring will scatter its flowers over a land in quiet—hoping that the coming May shall be ushered in, not like the last, with booming of battle cannon and rattle of death-dealing musketry, and the shock of contending hosts,—but, in the oldest time, with wreath and song and joyfulness,—though with the chaplet of flowers we weave the willow—though in our joy we drop a silent tear for those who shall never again share with us the brightness of the year's morning—

"Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that their graves are green."
But who slumbers, as
"Sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest,"—though their graves are scattered over Virginia hillsides, or by the Mississippi's tide, or amid the rocky hills and trampled wheat-fields of bloody Gettysburg, or swift-flowing Antietam.

We are lingering at "the Springs"—drinking the sulphur-impregnated waters and waiting, not for returning health, but for recruited ranks, not for doctor's prescriptions but for provost's conscriptions, and for orders to move. When will they come? Who can tell? But it grows late and my rhapsody is long. Good-night. Your's as ever, T.

DRUNKEN AND INCOMPETENT OFFICERS.—How much our army has suffered from incompetent leaders we may never know, but we are confident that our Maine troops have had less to complain of in this direction than those of other States. Hear what a Maine boy in a New York regiment, says:—

From what sister said in her letter, I infer that you desire to know my standing in the line of promotion. It is natural enough that you should wish this information, as you will probably regard my present position as the true index of my life during the past two years, as also, of my personal merits. There are many, who, knowing nothing of the manner in which promotions are made in some regiments, deem it highly discreditable, if not quite disgraceful to one who serves his country so long, and attains no higher position than that of *private*. Indeed, I think the idea very prevalent among the people, that promotion depends wholly upon one's own individual efforts, and that officers have *earned* their positions by their devoted loyalty to the Union cause, and by their deeds of valor and bravery on the battlefield. Let me give you a few reasons why it has been impossible for worthy men in the ranks of their regiment, to get positions.

Mr. Hunnicutt, for the first year and a half of our service, filled all vacancies with his friends of that regiment. This was a source of much discouragement to all non-commissioned officers. Our new Col. has made a *batch* of officers from the non com's, most of whom are drunkards like himself. One of them has deserted and two are dismissed from the service for cowardice and drunkenness. Others are too deficient in learning to keep their own company's books. A private of our regiment, who had been court-martialed for cowardice and disreputable language, &c., a few days ago received a commission from Gov. Seymour of N. Y. His father was a good Copperhead and voted for Gov. S. This, of course, was sufficient proof of his son's merit.

Our old Captain was a coward and a drunkard. He always deserted us when there was danger of an engagement. Am sorry to say he has got out of the army *honorable*, he having resigned, a short time ago. When the company was organized, he sold the positions to those who had the most money. Thus you see the accursed trinity—money, whiskey and copperhead influence, has had full sway, thus far, in making our officers. We have a new Captain now, the only honorable officer in the regiment, and he promises, so far as he can, to do justice to all. I belong to the color guard now, and am exempt from all fatigue, camp-guard, and picket duty.

Do not think that I am disappointed, for I never entertained the hope, or even the desire to gain distinction. I left home, and all, to do my part in preserving the unity and dignity of our Republic. The Love of Country cannot be held too sacred, for it is second only to the Love of God, and he is the freest and best defender of his country, who has the loftiest and clearest perceptions of his duty, and whose heart is actuated by the most perfect Christian and Godlike Spirit. The present time demands men brave, true, devoted and sacrificing, and it certainly affords all young men an opportunity to develop every noble, manly and heroic quality of their natures, and such truly has been ever my sole endeavor.

GOOD AND WHOLESOME.—Among a score or two of different kinds of coffee that have been put in the market since the price of the 'real old Java' got so high as to be above the reach of wholesome economy, we have found nothing that excels "Chase's English Breakfast Coffee." It is for sale at all our stores; and while the price is moderate, it makes a beverage both delicious and wholesome. There is at least some genuine coffee in the composition, and this is more than we are sure of in those compounds which claim to be genuine coffee, and yet sell for 25 to 30 cents, while the raw coffee is worth 40 cts. Coffee drinkers have been most sadly cheated in their beverage, in having to pay high prices for cheap compounds, and as "Chase's English Breakfast Coffee" is sold at a moderate price, and we know it to be good and wholesome, we advise everybody to buy it in preference to other mixtures.

DEMOCRATIC TOWN COMMITTEE.—The following Town Committee was selected at the Democratic Caucus on Saturday evening: John Hasty, Nathan Morrill, Johnson Williams, 2d, R. Clifford, and John Moore.

LETTERS TO THE SOLDIERS.

No. 2.

"SOLDIER BROTHER" TO "UNION SISTER."—Instead of the following letter received by the *Mail*, in response to one of the little "Comfort Bags," of which so many thousands have been sent to the soldiers of the Union from this vicinity.]

WALTON, Vt., Sept. 9, '63.

Dear Sister

The Mail,.... Waterville, Me., Sept. 18, 1863.

WATERVILLE MAIL.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE UNION.

Published on Friday, by

MAKHAM & WING,

Editors and Proprietors.

At Frye's Building, ... Main St., Waterville.

ER. MAXHAM. DRA. R. WING.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six month, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERVILLE.
DEPARTURE OF MAILED.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10 A.M. Closest 9 A.M.
Augusta " " 10.00 " 9.45
" " 11.00 " 10.45
" " 12.00 " 11.45
Skowhegan " " 5.00 " 4.45
Harrington, &c. " " 5.00 " 4.54
Seabast Main leaves Sunday Mornings and Friday at 9 A.M. 8.45 A.M.
Office Hours—from 7 A.M. to 2 P.M.

OUR TABLE.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The October number has two good pictures—“The Evening Walk,” and “Waiting for it to Cool”—with the usual number of new patterns and designs. “Out in the World,” by T. S. Arthur, is continued, and Miss Townsend commences a story which promises to be interesting. There is much other good reading, and the number is like its predecessors, a nice combination of the useful and the entertaining.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—“Children Playing at Horses,” is a nice picture, and “The Dog of Our Regiment” will please the boys. There will also be found a colored fashion plate; a Spanish Open Hood, in colors; a host of patterns and designs of various articles of dress and ornament; a piece of music, etc. The stories are numerous and good, and include a continuation of “The Broken Truth-Plight,” by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and the commencement of a new novel, “Count Tchernkernoff,” by Frank Lee Benedict.

Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

At the theatre in Vienna all ladies are requested to take off their bonnets before entering the theatre to take their places. They are so large that people cannot see over them. At a theatre in Paris the same end has been attained by placing printed bills about the theatre containing the following announcement: “All young and handsome ladies are politely requested to take off their bonnets. All others may keep them on.”

The last bout in Paris is one uttered by a distinguished foreign diplomatist, which characterised Napoleon as “the man who says nothing, and yet always lies.”

FIRE AT NEWPORT. The Newport House and outbuildings were entirely occupied by C. R. Pratt, loss, \$6,000—no insurance. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Other buildings in the vicinity were somewhat damaged.

Juvenile depravity has developed a new crime in Wyoming, Va. The boys there kill pigs to get the hams off them. All others may keep them on.

The last bout in Paris is one uttered by a distinguished foreign diplomatist, which characterised Napoleon as “the man who says nothing, and yet always lies.”

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA. Mr. Nathan H. Hall of Rockland, died in that city last week, of hydrophobia, resulting from the bite of a cat while in Pensacola, Fla., he being then a member of Co. G, 25th Maine.

Ethan Spike writes to the Portland “Transcriber” from Canada, in which country he is now a “expatriate, australized and alienated fellow editor,” and asks:

O Kannerdy, where ar the char, Skedaddlers ther found in thy face, Better dig ar the hardest Maine farm, That rats where the vittles is skace.

After a trial of thirty-three years, Mormonism numbers some 200,000 followers, and this extraordinary sect which the North British Review speaks of as an outgrowth of the noble principle of Protestantism (i.e., the right of private judgment, carried to excess), gives evidence of using as thrity as ever.

A soldier correspondent writes from the Army of the Potomac concerning the bill of fare enjoyed by himself and comrades. He says the vegetables are gathered after dark, as they are considered more wholesome when thus collected.

We learn from the Bangor Times that some daring burglars procured an entrance into the depot of the B. & O. and Maine railway, on Thursday, blew up the heavy iron safe with gun powder, throwing it some three feet, and completely smashing in the door. They succeeded in getting something above three hundred dollars in cash.

John Mitchell's youngest son William fell mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, in the lower part of the abdomen. He was in the color guard of the 1st Virginia (Rebel) regiment and fell near the breastworks held by the 3d Corps, in the last desperate charge which Longstreet's troops made upon the position.

War of Redemption.

An attempt was made by our forces, recently, to take possession of Fort Sumter, which failed through several of the boats grounding, so that only a portion of the men advanced to the attack. The small number that landed behaved with great gallantry, but the surrounding rebel batteries concentrated their fire upon them, and the garrison poured upon them a destructive fire of musketry, and they were finally compelled to surrender. Forty or fifty were killed or wounded, and about the same number taken prisoners. Late accounts say that our forces have captured half of James Island and that Fort Sumter is silenced. Moultrie is badly disabled and the village of Moultrieville has been partially destroyed by fire. Gen. Gilmore is erecting new batteries on the upper end of Morris Island. Reports have been afloat of a disagreement between Gilmore and Dahlgreen, and it was said that the former had tendered his resignation, but this report is not confirmed.

The Times' Washington dispatch says it is understood here that Gen. Gilmore has tenderly inquired of the Government if he would be justified in bombing Charleston to its utter destruction. The answer returned, it is said, was such as to give the country the assurance of a heap of ruins where Charleston stands, if it does not surrender.

We have very contradictory accounts of the position and movements of Lee's army. Some say that he contemplates another advance into Maryland; others, that a large portion of his forces will go to Tennessee to defeat Burnside; while many are confident that he is retreating, and that the main body of his army is even now in Richmond. One thing is sure, however. Our forces have advanced beyond Culpepper, and are pushing across the Rapidan. The rebels were driven from Culpepper with considerable loss, retreating hurriedly before the dash charge of our cavalry. We captured three guns and forty prisoners.

Gen. Franklin's command sailed from New Orleans on the 5th, some say bound for Texas. A New Orleans letter, of Sept. 1st, states that the rebels have taken two little places between New Orleans and Brashear City, and it was reported had taken Brashear City itself, but this is positively denied. The rebels showed themselves at Plaquemine on the 81st, causing the Provost Marshal and his men to skedaddle.

The Richmond Whig has an editorial ar-

ticule under the head of “Better Die than be Conquered,” which reveals a consciousness that, with all their boasting, the rebels feel that their cause is lost. The Whig threatens that in the last resort the rebels will take to the woods and the wilderness, like savages, and there fight against hunger and cold, as long as they may be able.

MAINE ELECTION.—The glorious old Dirigo State has pronounced most unmistakably for the support of the administration and a vigorous prosecution of the war, and administered a lasting rebuke to Southern traitors and their sympathizers at the North. The result has thrilled the hearts of all honest patriots with joy, and every true son of Maine is prouder than ever of his native State.

The returns are not quite all in, but enough is known to make it certain that the Union majority is some thousands larger than the most sanguine friends of Mr. Cony dared to claim in advance. We have gained largely in the popular vote; we have gained in the Senate, and we have gained in the House; and our victory, though the bloodless one of the ballot, is quite as important in its bearing upon the fortunes of the country, as any of those won by our brave soldiers in the field.

In 379 towns, Cony's majority is 18,478, where last year the majority was 5,921. We have carried our Senatorial ticket in every county but Lincoln, and that is in doubt, the contest being very close. The Representative districts heard from—139—are classed as follows:—Union, 115; Democratic, 24. Last year the House stood 107 Union, 44 Democrats. We append a list of Representatives chosen in Kennebec and Somerset;—

Kennebec.—Augusta, Joseph S. Turner, Joseph H. Williams; Benton, Albert D. Hinds; China, Ambrose H. Abbot; Fayette, ——; Litchfield, Gardner, Lorenzo Clapp; Litchfield, Nathaniel Dennis; Manchester, Isaac N. Wadsworth; Pittston, Gideon Barker; Rome, John T. Field; Vienna, Thomas C. Norris; Waterville, W. A. P. Dillingham; Windsor, Elijah Moody.—[All Union.]

Somerset.—Athens, Stephen L. Tobey; Fairfield, Daniel Allen; Palmyra, Zebediah Manter; Ripley, David Cyphers; Skowhegan, Greenleaf L. Hill; Starks, Leander Smith; Bingham, Martin W. Berry; New Portland, Joshua Butt; [All Union but last two.]

In figuring the Union vote at the recent election, it should be borne in mind that about 20,000 of our voters are absent in the service of the country; and of them it is perfectly safe to say that 15,000 of them would vote with us: indeed, we feel guilty in supposing for a moment that a single man of them would vote against us. Add these to our Union majority, and it would double that ever secured by any former candidate.

A HINT.—A benevolent citizen of our village has paid us a year's subscription for the Mail, directing us to send the paper to some family by whom it will be read, but who are not in circumstances to order it for themselves. Who will imitate his practical Christianity?

FALL ELECTIONS.—Elections will be held in the States below mentioned as follows:

Ohio, Oct. 13; Pennsylvania, Oct. 13;

Massachusetts, Nov. 3; New York, Nov. 3;

Wisconsin, Nov. 5; Delaware, Nov. 10; Iowa, Nov. 10; Minnesota, Nov. 10;

The President has issued a Proclamation suspending the writ of habeas corpus in all cases arising in the military, naval and civil service of the United States. This will trouble no loyal man, but northern sympathizers will tremble.

MR. Seward to OUR FOREIGN MINISTERS.—The Tribune contains a lengthy official circular from Mr. Seward, addressed to our Foreign Ministers, mainly rehearsing the progress made by our arms against the rebellion, and comprehensively presenting the present status of the Government. He closes as follows:

“Our loan is purchased at par by our own citizens at the average rate of \$1,000,000 daily; gold sells in our market at 123 to 128, while in the insurrectionary regions it commands 1,200 per cent. premium. Every insurgent port is blockaded, besieged or occupied by the National forces.

FROM TENNESSEE.—Gen. Rosecrans has just completed recruiting two full regiments of negroes, and has commenced a third. A strong antislavery feeling has been found to exist in Tennessee, and it extends to many of the large slave owners, who are now desirous to make some concerted movements for emancipation. It is thought that the subject will be brought before the people at an early day.

TO THE LADIES.—It gives us pleasure to call the attention of ladies to the advertisement of the Misses Fisher, who are opening a very nice stock of millinery goods at the store lately occupied by Mrs. Hawes. With a reputation for excellent taste in matters of style and fashion, as well as in the selection of goods, we predict that they will command the patronage of the ladies of this vicinity.

TAKE NOTICE.—As soon as we get our office arranged, the Mail will be distributed to village and town subscribers, and to all going by mail east or north, on Thursday afternoon, and to all others on Friday morning, the day of its date. In this plan we hope to be punctual.

THE DEFACALATION.—Since our last there have been no new disclosures in regard to the defalcation in the Maine Central Railroad. The Superintendent was arrested in New York on Friday of last week, and at last accounts several of the directors were with him there, endeavoring to settle the affair. It is thought here that the superintendent will be able to find the entire deficiency. It is proper to say, that not the least circumstance has tended to implicate any other officer of the road. Chas. M. Morse, Esq., is at present acting superintendent.

FIRE.—The dry house connected with the match factory of Mr. W. B. Marston, at Crommett's Mills, was entirely consumed by fire last evening. Amount of loss not known. This is the sixth time that this dry house has been burned within a few years.

An iron 36-pounder, which has a history, was captured at Vicksburg, and has been sent to Washington. It was cast in France in 1768,

and brought to this country by Lafayette in 1777. It did good service in the Revolution, in the second war with England, and in the Texan war by a company of volunteers from New Orleans.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.—The following is a list of the Agricultural Exhibitions to be held in Maine this Fall, so far as we have been able to obtain them.

Androscoggin Agricultural and Horticultural Society at Lewiston, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st. Kennebec at Readfield, Sept. 14th and 15th. North Waldo, at Unity, Oct. 21st and 22d. A. Somerset, at Harland, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th. Exhibition of Field Crops at Hartland, third Saturday in November. The Society will hold no exhibition this year.

West Somersett, at North Anson, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14th and 15th.

Cumberland, at Portland, Oct. 14th.

Walde, at Belfast, Oct. 7th, 8th and 9th.

North Kennebec at Waterville, Oct. 6th and 7th.

Kennebec Union Agricultural and Horticultural Society, at Gardiner, Oct. 12th and 13th.

Gardiner, at Topsham, Oct. 12th and 13th.

West Oxford, at Frelay, Oct. 13th, 14th and 15th.

Somerset Central, at Skowhegan, Sept. 22d and 23d.

West Penobscot, at Dexter, Sept. 29th and 30th.

THE LATEST.—Johnston, it is said, has reinforced Bragg, and there are rumors of fighting with Rosecrans, but the result is not known.

Little Rock, Ark., is in our possession, and Price is retreating, closely pursued by Gen. Davidson.

Rosecrans was last reported at Carter, ten miles from the Virginia, and twenty miles from the North Carolina State line. He had recently captured several railroad trains.

It is now confidently stated that we have nothing to fear from the French emperor.

THE BITER BITEN. A Portland paper

tells a story of a man who was recently drafted in Westbrook, Me., and who got exempted on the plea of non-residence in town. At the election on Monday, however, he appeared at the polls and voted the copperhead ticket. He was subsequently informed that he could appear at the Provost Marshal's office, and pay his commutation fee or bring his substitute.

WE take the liberty to send a copy of our paper to some of our old friends, former patrons, as well as to a few others whom we are sure would be gratified to have become such. We ask them to read it, and to allow us to continue it if they can; but if not, see that it is marked “refused,” and returned. In copies thus sent, we mark this paragraph with pen.

LATEST.

Johnston, it is said, has reinforced Bragg, and there are rumors of fighting with Rosecrans, but the result is not known.

Little Rock, Ark., is in our possession, and Price is retreating, closely pursued by Gen. Davidson.

Rosecrans was last reported at Carter, ten miles from the Virginia, and twenty miles from the North Carolina State line. He had recently captured several railroad trains.

It is now confidently stated that we have nothing to fear from the French emperor.

THE BITER BITEN. A Portland paper

tells a story of a man who was recently drafted in Westbrook, Me., and who got exempted on the plea of non-residence in town. At the election on Monday, however, he appeared at the polls and voted the copperhead ticket. He was subsequently informed that he could appear at the Provost Marshal's office, and pay his commutation fee or bring his substitute.

WE take the liberty to send a copy of our paper to some of our old friends, former patrons, as well as to a few others whom we are sure would be gratified to have become such. We ask them to read it, and to allow us to continue it if they can; but if not, see that it is marked “refused,” and returned. In copies thus sent, we mark this paragraph with pen.

THE BITER BITEN. A Portland paper

tells a story of a man who was recently drafted in Westbrook, Me., and who got exempted on the plea of non-residence in town. At the election on Monday, however, he appeared at the polls and voted the copperhead ticket. He was subsequently informed that he could appear at the Provost Marshal's office, and pay his commutation fee or bring his substitute.

WE take the liberty to send a copy of our paper to some of our old friends, former patrons, as well as to a few others whom we are sure would be gratified to have become such. We ask them to read it, and to allow us to continue it if they can; but if not, see that it is marked “refused,” and returned. In copies thus sent, we mark this paragraph with pen.

THE BITER BITEN. A Portland paper

tells a story of a man who was recently drafted in Westbrook, Me., and who got exempted on the plea of non-residence in town. At the election on Monday, however, he appeared at the polls and voted the copperhead ticket. He was subsequently informed that he could appear at the Provost Marshal's office, and pay his commutation fee or bring his substitute.

WE take the liberty to send a copy of our paper to some of our old friends, former patrons, as well as to a few others whom we are sure would be gratified to have become such. We ask them to read it, and to allow us to continue it if they can; but if not, see that it is marked “refused,” and returned. In copies thus sent, we mark this paragraph with pen.

THE BITER BITEN. A Portland paper

tells a story of a man who was recently drafted in Westbrook, Me., and who got exempted on the plea of non-residence in town. At the election on Monday, however, he appeared at the polls and voted the copperhead ticket. He was subsequently informed that he could appear at the Provost Marshal's office, and pay his commutation fee or bring his substitute.

WE take the liberty to send a copy of our paper to some of our old friends, former patrons, as well as to a few others whom we are sure would be gratified to have become such. We ask them to read it, and to allow us to continue it if they can; but if not, see that it is marked “refused,” and returned. In copies thus sent, we mark this paragraph with pen.

THE BITER BITEN. A Portland paper

MISCELLANY.

[From the Typographic Advertiser.]

LOST—SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

BY THOMAS MACLELLAN.

Somebody's child is lost to-night! I hear the bellman ring;

And the earth is frozen hard and white, And the snow is falling fast and strong.

I know my babes are long a-sleep, A tender, motherly hand

Laying a blessing on every head After their evening prayers were said—

God keep the sobering band!

Yet where is the child to lose to-night? This night so bitter, cold—

Some innocent lamb has gone astray Unwittingly from its fold.

"Bellman! ho, bellman, whose child is lost?"

And I grasp my staff and cloak;

But the cold world had crossed

Before I hardly spoke a word.

The neighbors soon gather, and far and near

We pry into ditch and fen,

Till, hard! an answering shout I hear—

The river is found again.

Ah! mother, fond mother, your heart is light

With the loss of your child;

But every child is lost to-night;

Who'll never, never be found.

Ay, somebody's child is lost to-night,

While the wind is high and boisterous,

And the sanding ship, like a bird-a-fright

Flees shivering on its course.

She suddenly drops in the yawning deep.

As never to return;

She lay atop the water's steep,

A-sleep, a poor child to storm.

Hold well, good! hold a scion of lives

Comprise thy costliest freight;

Else loving mothers and maid-servants

Will ever be desolate.

And well she holds, with a single sail

Outspread to guide her way,

While all the fun of the gale

Is in the sailor-boy's heart,

Sighs for his distant home,

And the tears from his eyelids start

And drop in the briny foam.

In months ago, for the night,

A mother trembles with fears;

But that father's law he defied,

And he scorned that mother's tears.

The terrors blast now mocks his grief,

And a huge and hungry wave

Bears him away, with relief,

With the taste of an earthy grave.

The hand is blazing upon the hearth,

The work of the day is done,

And the father's heart runs over the earth

In search of the wandering son.

"Oh! where is our poor boy to-night—

This night so bleak and wild—

The stars are out, the light,

And only yells all curse their flight.

While their hearts say, "Where is he?"

They dream not he has sunken from sight,

Down, down, down in the sea.

The moon is up, the stars are bright,

But she weeps, lies a-weep.

But never more will she find the sheep.

That wretched went astray.

Somebody's child is lost to-night!

Oh! sorrow is on the day

When a virgin's fame is marred with blight

That cannot be cleansed away,

An humbled family sit in the gloom,

Bent humbly, their hopeless shame—

Worries the the heart is in the tomb.

With honor upon her name!

While deckin her garments of satin and sin,

The fallen daughter, I ween,

Is scorched with a fever of heart within,

Though reigns no wanton-queen.

O man! Fair is the world to thy child

Thy hand created so fair!

With eyes where simple innocence smiled,

And coy and maidenly air?

Is this the promising morning flower,

The brightest of its rivals among?

Is this the bird that sings in the bower,

With the most honest tongue?

Ah me! this child is more than lost;

For her low-fallen form,

On sin's voluptuous surges lost,

Will perish in passion's storm.

And the mother may sigh, and she may weep,

Till she weeps her life away,

But never more will she find the sheep.

That wickedly went astray.

Somebody's child is lost to-night—

With eyes only as bright

As you ever looked upon.

And he will be my staff and stay—

Her eyes were only spoken—

"When I am old and my hair is gray,

And my natural strength is broken."

Her mother's heart is sorely grieved,

As the lad grew up to the estate of man,

That she said, in her joy,

That nobody's boy

Could match her paragon by a span.

Time stole along, and hands grew gray,

And the boy had wandered so astray,

Two worse the boy had died,

A loathsome, vile and gibbering thing,

Stung by the fatal still-worm's sting,

Despised of man, contemning God,

And grieved at the wrongs he did,

With his passions all bound him sore,

Till, fainting, he could feel no more—

Ah! somebody's child was lost in life!

When he took up

The wasp's cup,

And spilt perdition from its brim.

Then, and the child is lost.

And the child is lost.

Of his mother's pride

Spilled in the sand the cup of her joy.

Instead she quaffed

A wormwood draught,

A sorghum drink,

Yet lived she still,

Though every ill,

The child so scarcely human.

In weariness and watchings often,

Unmurmuringly her grieves her bane,

Unto unknowns and toil and coffin,

Her sorrows had come so thick and fast

They clustred round her everywhere,

Till, reason utterly overcast,

The darkness bid away her care.

Yet often she would a-say for one

Long gone by, when the world was young;

And still she clings him long delay,

She would sigh and whimper and pray,

That mother will sigh and she will weep,

Till she weeps her life away;

But never more will she find the sheep.

That wickedly went astray.

Some many children are lost to-night!

That I hear the breathings soft and light,

From the crib where Tommy's asleep.

And then my vision to pluck the clouds,

But utter darkness the future shrouds,

And the tongue of the seer is dumb.

So I lay then down in the bosom of grace,

The children whom God has given,

Trusting he'll bring them to see his face,

The face of our Lord in heaven.

[From Merry's Museum]

WILL ELLSWORTH'S DINNER.

BY MRS. M. MCNAUGHEY.

The snow lay deep on the country road as Willie Ellsworth set out for school; but little did he care for that. His pants were tucked inside of his stout boots, and no cold could peep through such a regular "dreadnaught" overcoat, and the soft, fleecy comforter which mother's own kind hands had tied about his throat. Just as he passed out of his father's gate, quite a different figure crept on before him down the road to the school-house. Poor little Jerry had no such wraps to protect his little pinched frame from the winter weather. His thin garments were clean and well mended, but his widowed mother was too poor to make them a note of his sentiments.

Information has been received at Washington that our troops hold Bristol, a village at the extreme Northeastern corner of Tennessee, and at the point of junction of the Virginia and Tennessee Railway, extending from Bristol to Lynchburg, and the east Tennessee and Virginia Railway, running from Bristol to Knoxville. It is two hundred and four miles from Lynchburg, fifteen from Abingdon, one hundred and thirty from Knoxville, and two hundred and forty from Chattanooga. It is a most important position, commanding East Tennessee, West Virginia, and the mountainous parts of North Carolina.

The Richmond Enquirer having declared it to be quite impossible in making exchanges to put the negroes on the footing of our own troops, and value them against each other, man, grade for grade, the New York Eve-

ning Post suggests that "our government will be by no means squeamish in this matter, but will yield with the best grace in the world. In the exchange of prisoners, white for black, we will, if Jeff. Davis and his accomplices insist upon it, take three for every one we give up." The Post evidently misunderstands the real difficulty. The negro soldiers captured by us have a market value in Dixie. The "poor white trash" whom they get in exchange is of no account. The exchange is therefore not equal, in the estimation of the organ of the slave-breeders, the advantage being on our side.

LABOR DESPISED.—Mrs. Kemble, in her Residence in Georgia, thus tersely speaks of the social status of labor at the south:

"There, eat that, Jerry, and welcome. I can run home for my dinner. You need not be a bit afraid of my going without; I continued, as the hungry child, with the true delicacy of a sensitive nature, hesitated to accept it. 'I get as hungry as a bear by noon-time, and I can run home in ten minutes' time, and I know there will be a good hot dinner smoking on the table.'

He did not tell the child he had brought his dinner on purpose to go on a skating excursion with the boys. He felt he could better afford to go without the sport than poor Jerry could go hungry. The little fellow devoured the food with the eagerness of famine, and it did Willie good to watch him.

"Here, you must have the other slice now," he said; "mother never means I shall go hungry." The boy had not known such a luxury for many a day, but he looked up pleadingly and asked—

"Mayn't I save it for mother?"

"Why, yes, if you like; and here are a couple of apples, too." The willow basket was usually well stocked from the big pippin bin down cellar, and its contents liberally distributed among Will's school-fellows. Will was a very popular boy.

Little Jerry entered the school-room with a brighter look than his hunger-pinched face had had known for many a day, and Will's enjoyment was not the least diminished by catching every now and then a glance from those grateful smiling eyes.

"Come on now, boys," said Harry Adams, as soon as school was over for the morning; "the master says we must eat our dinner before we start—don't let us be long about it."

"I must go home for my dinner," said Will, whose school-boy appetite came back sharp enough to the half-day's work was over. A school-boy is never too fastidious about his food, and every now and then a schoolmate would say to him, "Come on, Will, you pass around my dinner